

## WOMEN NOT ALLOWED.

## THREE FASTNESSES OF BOHEMIA.

SPOTS WHERE THE MEATS AND DRINKS ARE FOR CONVIVIAL MEN ALONE.

"I am very sorry sir, but it is against the rules of the place to allow any woman to come in."

"But we will stay only a moment; my wife has heard so much of this place that she has a great curiosity to see it; we shall disturb no one; we only wish to look inside for one minute."

"It is quite impossible; no woman has been inside this place in fifteen years. I am sorry to disappoint you, but we could not break the rules on any account."

So the disappointed man and his more disappointed wife went away and the sacred law was unbroken. This little dialogue, which is an actual one, took place at the door of an up-to-date chophouse. One of the speakers was a waiter and the other was presumably a frequent guest, who might have saved himself trouble by investigating the strictness of the rule before bringing his wife to the door. It was a most vain chance that the waiter met this would-be invader there in time to prevent their invading the hallowed precincts.

throttle, ever ready to fill up a brown pot of ale till the crown of Toby's three-cornered hat seems covered with white, flowing plumes. By the way, if anybody can tell why a little brown jug in the shape of a man should be called a Toby, information would be gladly received. It has been hinted that it might be in honor of Sir Toby Belch, but the jug is not in the costume of Sir Toby.

There would be little use for a genuine English bar in New York, because an American bar supplies everything that an English one does, except bitter beer—and nobody in this country wants that—and many things that an English one does not. But the bar of the Clifton is about as near the English model as anything in this longitude from Greenwich. Of course there is no bar parlor—that would be too much to expect. On the shelves behind it are dozens of bottles, which stand there and let their contents get mellow, because they are so little used, and on the shelves and the hooks round about are the brown Tobies and the bright pewter tankards, while the bar itself is usually graced with a pile of glasses or lobsters or a pan of devilled crabs or fish. This inaccuracy of the bar by the proper contents of the barroom points to an important fact in relation to it, which is that guests are not encouraged to stand at the bar to drink.

The women who are not admitted to these won-

derful resorts may not understand readily the difference in respectability between a place where men stand at a bar to drink and one where the drinks are brought from the bar and served at tables, but there is a vast difference. In the one the bar is the main thing, in the other it is a secondary thing. Here at the Clifton for instance, men come for refreshment or a luncheon or a supper and they eat and drink and are merry, and disorder is never dreamt of, for if ladies are not admitted, gentlemen are. Ale is drunk more than everything else put together, while in an ordinary barroom nobody but the barkeeper knows what is drunk, or what it will do to the man who drinks it, and what he will do in consequence.

By this we see and muse of the bar hangs a tale. When Harrigan's Theatre was built, some said that it would spoil the character of the Clifton, because the place would be filled with men between the acts, and a few of them may inhabit some of its environs, possibly the "desert country near the sea" that Shakespeare tells about, but where its mountains rise highest and its valleys are most picturesque and green, Bohemia is a land of men and only of men.

Just why women cannot or may not breathe the air of the inland heights of Bohemia is a question for Bohemians and psychologists to discuss among themselves, if they think it worth the while. It is not that it is too much the air of night or that it is too smoky or too vicious, for all these airs women may breathe and do breathe without hurting themselves or the air. Perhaps, as when the lover in the play objected to his sweetheart's singing of a comic song, it is "the whole thing." The unquestionable fact is that if women came into these regions their presence would seem what is so seldom is in any good place, an offence, and the places and their customs would seem an offence to them. Bohemia is a broad country, with many fair tracks and roads, and some women believe that they live in it, or at least sometimes visit it. Perhaps they do; one should know the country and its vague boundaries uncommonly well to dare assert that they do not. They may know something of its frontiers and a few of them may inhabit some of its environs, possibly the "desert country near the sea" that Shakespeare tells about, but where its mountains rise highest and its valleys are most picturesque and green, Bohemia is a land of men and only of men.

By this we see and muse of the bar hangs a tale. When Harrigan's Theatre was built, some said that it would spoil the character of the Clifton, because the place would be filled with men between the acts, and a few of them may inhabit some of its environs, possibly the "desert country near the sea" that Shakespeare tells about, but where its mountains rise highest and its valleys are most picturesque and green, Bohemia is a land of men and only of men.

There are ancient tales of women and of men wandering through life with no particularity in their sex. We have seen a studio decorated with names and supposing it to be a public exhibition of pictures, and have gone away in sad disappointment, but richer in experience. But those who know the place well know that the studio is the Clifton, and the breakfast there and the wine at the bar should close those who have to go without breakfast for the rest of their lives. This is one of those restaurants where old customers are accustomed to sit down in the studio and have their meals. And as you walk through Brownie's or the studio, bestow one compassionate thought on the unhappy women who may not enjoy what you have enjoyed.

THE BAR OF THE CLIFTON.

JUSTICE DAVID J. BREWER.

THE OTHERS NOT EXPECTED BY YACHTSMEN.

BOSTON TO MAKE NO EFFORT TO MINE BUNNY BOAT.

RAVENNA BOAT.

IT seems to be well settled that Boston will have no representative in the trial races to select a defender of the America's Cup. At first it was said that the Bryant Brothers were to build a yacht and that Henry Bryant was to design her. This was in the first flush of enthusiasm over the reception of Lord Dunraven's challenge. Upon sober second thought Boston became less enthusiastic, and now she will probably leave to New York the honor of defending the cup. The situation is just this. With Burleigh's arrival Boston felt that she was invincible. She was sure of having the best efforts of the designer at any time she chose to command them. Now things are different. Boston has no one to take his place in Boston. The greatest bathhouse man is Burleigh, and his best ship has been for years at the service of New York. Boston would have to go to Burleigh and ask a score of New York's pugnacious built a boat for the trial races. Three times Boston has defended the cup for the New York Yacht Club and now it really seems New York's turn. The boat to defend the cup will be built in New England, anyway, only a few miles from the Massachusetts line, and that is some comfort to the Boston yachtsmen of itself. So, on the whole, Boston can do better and have to be a spectator only in the great contest, but she did build under the gilded dome in Beaconsfield and laurels under the gilded dome in Beaconsfield, are sufficient for the present. For the reason given the boat which at first was confidently declared to be built by the Adams boys has not materialized and will not do so. New York, and Boston, are already under way. There is, of course, no possibility but a probability that Royal Philips' Cup will be built for the trial races. The Royal Philips' Cup will get back here from her English racing in time to enter the trial races. With so much good racing on the other side and so many cups to win there, the temptation will be strong, of course, to stay on the other side through the season and to let the other boats down after the sailing of the America's Cup. Of the many boats which it was at first reported were to be built by New York yachtsmen, only the two syndicate boats mentioned seem to have materialized. Where, for instance, is that boat concerning which Ernest Staples was busy getting signs and which was to be built by E. M. Fulton or some Welsh rabbit, two chaps, a golden buck and six Dantes of ale at once and delivered them all to their owners without a mishap. Robert did all the waiting that was done and did it promptly, correctly and cheerfully. But Robert is dead; he was too good for any chop house.

How great he was as a waiter is shown by the fact that his brother, who is now a waiter at the Clifton and is seen in the cut here given, has no name of his own, for the public, at least, but is simply known as "Robert's brother." Nothing that is said here in commendation of the Clifton should be understood to be derogatory to the other two chop houses herein to be treated. Nearly all that has been said of it will apply equally to either of them. About thirty-five years ago an actor named George F. Brownie started a restaurant in Fourth-avenue, opposite where the stage entrance of the Star Theatre now is. He was a member of Walney's company, and his wife was a sister of Mrs. Henley Williams and Mrs. W. J. Florence. After a time the restaurant moved to Broadway and further up town. Then it turned the corner into Twenty-seventh, finding a place on the south side, and finally it crossed the street to the house where it now is. Brownie's is a larger place than the Clifton,

Robert, the east waiter, who ever carried three Welsh rabbits, two chops, a golden buck and six Dantes of ale at once and delivered them all to their owners without a mishap. Robert did all the waiting that was done and did it promptly, correctly and cheerfully. But Robert is dead; he was too good for any chop house.

Nothing that is said here in commendation of the Clifton should be understood to be derogatory to the other two chop houses herein to be treated. Nearly all that has been said of it will apply equally to either of them. About thirty-five years ago an actor named George F. Brownie started a restaurant in Fourth-avenue, opposite where the stage entrance of the Star Theatre now is. He was a member of Walney's company, and his wife was a sister of Mrs. Henley Williams and Mrs. W. J. Florence. After a time the restaurant moved to Broadway and further up town. Then it turned the corner into Twenty-seventh, finding a place on the south side, and finally it crossed the street to the house where it now is. Brownie's is a larger place than the Clifton,

Robert, the east waiter, who ever carried three Welsh rabbits, two chops, a golden buck and six Dantes of ale at once and delivered them all to their owners without a mishap. Robert did all the waiting that was done and did it promptly, correctly and cheerfully. But Robert is dead; he was too good for any chop house.

Nothing that is said here in commendation of the Clifton should be understood to be derogatory to the other two chop houses herein to be treated. Nearly all that has been said of it will apply equally to either of them. About thirty-five years ago an actor named George F. Brownie started a restaurant in Fourth-avenue, opposite where the stage entrance of the Star Theatre now is. He was a member of Walney's company, and his wife was a sister of Mrs. Henley Williams and Mrs. W. J. Florence. After a time the restaurant moved to Broadway and further up town. Then it turned the corner into Twenty-seventh, finding a place on the south side, and finally it crossed the street to the house where it now is. Brownie's is a larger place than the Clifton,

Robert, the east waiter, who ever carried three Welsh rabbits, two chops, a golden buck and six Dantes of ale at once and delivered them all to their owners without a mishap. Robert did all the waiting that was done and did it promptly, correctly and cheerfully. But Robert is dead; he was too good for any chop house.

Nothing that is said here in commendation of the Clifton should be understood to be derogatory to the other two chop houses herein to be treated. Nearly all that has been said of it will apply equally to either of them. About thirty-five years ago an actor named George F. Brownie started a restaurant in Fourth-avenue, opposite where the stage entrance of the Star Theatre now is. He was a member of Walney's company, and his wife was a sister of Mrs. Henley Williams and Mrs. W. J. Florence. After a time the restaurant moved to Broadway and further up town. Then it turned the corner into Twenty-seventh, finding a place on the south side, and finally it crossed the street to the house where it now is. Brownie's is a larger place than the Clifton,

Robert, the east waiter, who ever carried three Welsh rabbits, two chops, a golden buck and six Dantes of ale at once and delivered them all to their owners without a mishap. Robert did all the waiting that was done and did it promptly, correctly and cheerfully. But Robert is dead; he was too good for any chop house.

Nothing that is said here in commendation of the Clifton should be understood to be derogatory to the other two chop houses herein to be treated. Nearly all that has been said of it will apply equally to either of them. About thirty-five years ago an actor named George F. Brownie started a restaurant in Fourth-avenue, opposite where the stage entrance of the Star Theatre now is. He was a member of Walney's company, and his wife was a sister of Mrs. Henley Williams and Mrs. W. J. Florence. After a time the restaurant moved to Broadway and further up town. Then it turned the corner into Twenty-seventh, finding a place on the south side, and finally it crossed the street to the house where it now is. Brownie's is a larger place than the Clifton,

Robert, the east waiter, who ever carried three Welsh rabbits, two chops, a golden buck and six Dantes of ale at once and delivered them all to their owners without a mishap. Robert did all the waiting that was done and did it promptly, correctly and cheerfully. But Robert is dead; he was too good for any chop house.

Nothing that is said here in commendation of the Clifton should be understood to be derogatory to the other two chop houses herein to be treated. Nearly all that has been said of it will apply equally to either of them. About thirty-five years ago an actor named George F. Brownie started a restaurant in Fourth-avenue, opposite where the stage entrance of the Star Theatre now is. He was a member of Walney's company, and his wife was a sister of Mrs. Henley Williams and Mrs. W. J. Florence. After a time the restaurant moved to Broadway and further up town. Then it turned the corner into Twenty-seventh, finding a place on the south side, and finally it crossed the street to the house where it now is. Brownie's is a larger place than the Clifton,

Robert, the east waiter, who ever carried three Welsh rabbits, two chops, a golden buck and six Dantes of ale at once and delivered them all to their owners without a mishap. Robert did all the waiting that was done and did it promptly, correctly and cheerfully. But Robert is dead; he was too good for any chop house.

Nothing that is said here in commendation of the Clifton should be understood to be derogatory to the other two chop houses herein to be treated. Nearly all that has been said of it will apply equally to either of them. About thirty-five years ago an actor named George F. Brownie started a restaurant in Fourth-avenue, opposite where the stage entrance of the Star Theatre now is. He was a member of Walney's company, and his wife was a sister of Mrs. Henley Williams and Mrs. W. J. Florence. After a time the restaurant moved to Broadway and further up town. Then it turned the corner into Twenty-seventh, finding a place on the south side, and finally it crossed the street to the house where it now is. Brownie's is a larger place than the Clifton,

Robert, the east waiter, who ever carried three Welsh rabbits, two chops, a golden buck and six Dantes of ale at once and delivered them all to their owners without a mishap. Robert did all the waiting that was done and did it promptly, correctly and cheerfully. But Robert is dead; he was too good for any chop house.

Nothing that is said here in commendation of the Clifton should be understood to be derogatory to the other two chop houses herein to be treated. Nearly all that has been said of it will apply equally to either of them. About thirty-five years ago an actor named George F. Brownie started a restaurant in Fourth-avenue, opposite where the stage entrance of the Star Theatre now is. He was a member of Walney's company, and his wife was a sister of Mrs. Henley Williams and Mrs. W. J. Florence. After a time the restaurant moved to Broadway and further up town. Then it turned the corner into Twenty-seventh, finding a place on the south side, and finally it crossed the street to the house where it now is. Brownie's is a larger place than the Clifton,

Robert, the east waiter, who ever carried three Welsh rabbits, two chops, a golden buck and six Dantes of ale at once and delivered them all to their owners without a mishap. Robert did all the waiting that was done and did it promptly, correctly and cheerfully. But Robert is dead; he was too good for any chop house.

Nothing that is said here in commendation of the Clifton should be understood to be derogatory to the other two chop houses herein to be treated. Nearly all that has been said of it will apply equally to either of them. About thirty-five years ago an actor named George F. Brownie started a restaurant in Fourth-avenue, opposite where the stage entrance of the Star Theatre now is. He was a member of Walney's company, and his wife was a sister of Mrs. Henley Williams and Mrs. W. J. Florence. After a time the restaurant moved to Broadway and further up town. Then it turned the corner into Twenty-seventh, finding a place on the south side, and finally it crossed the street to the house where it now is. Brownie's is a larger place than the Clifton,

Robert, the east waiter, who ever carried three Welsh rabbits, two chops, a golden buck and six Dantes of ale at once and delivered them all to their owners without a mishap. Robert did all the waiting that was done and did it promptly, correctly and cheerfully. But Robert is dead; he was too good for any chop house.

Nothing that is said here in commendation of the Clifton should be understood to be derogatory to the other two chop houses herein to be treated. Nearly all that has been said of it will apply equally to either of them. About thirty-five years ago an actor named George F. Brownie started a restaurant in Fourth-avenue, opposite where the stage entrance of the Star Theatre now is. He was a member of Walney's company, and his wife was a sister of Mrs. Henley Williams and Mrs. W. J. Florence. After a time the restaurant moved to Broadway and further up town. Then it turned the corner into Twenty-seventh, finding a place on the south side, and finally it crossed the street to the house where it now is. Brownie's is a larger place than the Clifton,

Robert, the east waiter, who ever carried three Welsh rabbits, two chops, a golden buck and six Dantes of ale at once and delivered them all to their owners without a mishap. Robert did all the waiting that was done and did it promptly, correctly and cheerfully. But Robert is dead; he was too good for any chop house.

Nothing that is said here in commendation of the Clifton should be understood to be derogatory to the other two chop houses herein to be treated. Nearly all that has been said of it will apply equally to either of them. About thirty-five years ago an actor named George F. Brownie started a restaurant in Fourth-avenue, opposite where the stage entrance of the Star Theatre now is. He was a member of Walney's company, and his wife was a sister of Mrs. Henley Williams and Mrs. W. J. Florence. After a time the restaurant moved to Broadway and further up town. Then it turned the corner into Twenty-seventh, finding a place on the south side, and finally it crossed the street to the house where it now is. Brownie's is a larger place than the Clifton,

Robert, the east waiter, who ever carried three Welsh rabbits, two chops, a golden buck and six Dantes of ale at once and delivered them all to their owners without a mishap. Robert did all the waiting that was done and did it promptly, correctly and cheerfully. But Robert is dead; he was too good for any chop house.

Nothing that is said here in commendation of the Clifton should be understood to be derogatory to the other two chop houses herein to be treated. Nearly all that has been said of it will apply equally to either of them. About thirty-five years ago an actor named George F. Brownie started a restaurant in Fourth-avenue, opposite where the stage entrance of the Star Theatre now is. He was a member of Walney's company, and his wife was a sister of Mrs. Henley Williams and Mrs. W. J. Florence. After a time the restaurant moved to Broadway and further up town. Then it turned the corner into Twenty-seventh, finding a place on the south side, and finally it crossed the street to the house where it now is. Brownie's is a larger place than the Clifton,

Robert, the east waiter, who ever carried three Welsh rabbits, two chops, a golden buck and six Dantes of ale at once and delivered them all to their owners without a mishap. Robert did all the waiting that was done and did it promptly, correctly and cheerfully. But Robert is dead; he was too good for any chop house.

Nothing that is said here in commendation of the Clifton should be understood to be derogatory to the other two chop houses herein to be treated. Nearly all that has been said of it will apply equally to either of them. About thirty-five years ago an actor named George F. Brownie started a restaurant in Fourth-avenue, opposite where the stage entrance of the Star Theatre now is. He was a member of Walney's company, and his wife was a sister of Mrs. Henley Williams and Mrs. W. J. Florence. After a time the restaurant moved to Broadway and further up town. Then it turned the corner into Twenty-seventh, finding a place on the south side, and finally it crossed the street to the house where it now is. Brownie's is a larger place than the Clifton,

Robert, the east waiter, who ever carried three Welsh rabbits, two chops, a golden buck and six Dantes of ale at once and delivered them all to their owners without a mishap. Robert did all the waiting that was done and did it promptly, correctly and cheerfully. But Robert is dead; he was too good for any chop house.

Nothing that is said here in commendation of the Clifton should be understood to be derogatory to the other two chop houses herein to be treated. Nearly all that has been said of it will apply equally to either of them. About thirty-five years ago an actor named George F. Brownie started a restaurant in Fourth-avenue, opposite where the stage entrance of the Star Theatre now is. He was a member of Walney's company, and his wife was a sister of Mrs. Henley Williams and Mrs. W. J. Florence. After a time the restaurant moved to Broadway and further up town. Then it turned the corner into Twenty-seventh, finding a place on the south side, and finally it crossed the street to the house where it now is. Brownie's is a larger place than the Clifton,

Robert, the east waiter, who ever carried three Welsh rabbits, two chops, a golden buck and six Dantes of ale at once and delivered them all to their owners without a mishap. Robert did all the waiting that was done and did it promptly, correctly and cheerfully. But Robert is dead; he was too good for any chop house.

Nothing that is said here in commendation of the Clifton should be understood to be derogatory to the other two chop houses herein to be treated. Nearly all that has been said of it will apply equally to either of them. About thirty-five years ago an actor named George F. Brownie started a restaurant in Fourth-avenue, opposite where the stage entrance of the Star Theatre now is. He was a member of Walney's company, and his wife was a sister of Mrs. Henley Williams and Mrs. W. J. Florence. After a time the restaurant moved to Broadway and further up town. Then it turned the corner into Twenty-seventh, finding a place on the south side, and finally it crossed the street to the house where it now is. Brownie's is a larger place than the Clifton,

Robert, the east waiter, who ever carried three Welsh rabbits, two chops, a golden buck and six Dantes of ale at once and delivered them all to their owners without a mishap. Robert did all the waiting that was done and did it promptly, correctly and cheerfully. But Robert is dead; he was too good for any chop house.

Nothing that is said here in commendation of the Clifton should be understood to be derogatory to the other two chop houses herein to be treated. Nearly all that has been said of it will apply equally to either of them. About thirty-five years ago an actor named George F. Brownie started a restaurant in Fourth-avenue, opposite where the stage entrance of the Star Theatre now is. He was a member of Walney's company, and his wife was a sister of Mrs. Henley Williams and Mrs. W. J. Florence. After a time the restaurant moved to Broadway and further up town. Then it turned the corner into Twenty-seventh, finding a place on the south side, and finally it crossed the street to the house where it now is. Brownie's is a larger place than the Clifton,

Robert, the east waiter, who ever carried three Welsh rabbits, two chops, a golden buck and six Dantes of ale at once and delivered them all to their owners without a mishap. Robert did all the waiting that was done and did it promptly, correctly and cheerfully. But Robert is dead; he was too good for any chop house.

Nothing that is said here in commendation of the Clifton should be understood to be derogatory to the other two chop houses herein to be treated. Nearly all that has been said of it will apply equally to either of them. About thirty-five years ago an actor named George F. Brownie started a restaurant in Fourth-avenue, opposite where the stage entrance of the Star Theatre now is. He was a member of Walney's company, and his wife was a sister of Mrs. Henley Williams and Mrs. W. J. Florence. After a time the restaurant moved to Broadway and